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A SONG OF HATE

By Dorothy Rothschild in Vanity Fair

I HATE RELATIVES.
They cramp my style.

There are Aunts.
Even the best of us have them.
They are always dropping in for little
visits.

And when you ask them to stay.
They take it seriously.
They never fail to tell you how badly
you look;

And they relate little anecdotes
About friends of theirs who went into
Declines.

Their conversation consists entirely of
Insides;
They are never out of a Critical Con-
dition.

They are always posing for X-ray por-
traits

Of parts of their anatomy with names
like parlor-cars.

They say the doctor tells them
That they 'nly one chance in a
hun-

The odds aren't big enough.

Then there are In-Laws,
The Necessary Evils of Matrimony.
The only things they don't say about
you

Are the ones they can't pronounce.
No matter what you do,
They know a beter way to do it.
They are eternally searching your
house for dust;

If they can't find any,
It is a wasted day.

They are always getting their feelings
hurt

So that they can go around with mar-
tyred expressions

And say that you will appreciate them
when they're gone—
You certainly will.

THE LADIES OF HELL

(As the Highland regiments are
called by the Germans.)

THERE'S a toss of the sporran,
A swing of the kilt,
And a skreech frae the pipers
In blood stirring lilt;
They step out together,
As the pibrooch notes swell—
O they're bonnie, braw fighters,
The Ladies of Hell.

They are far frae the heather
And far frae the moor;
As the rack of their hillsides
Their faces are dour.
O "The Campbells are coming"
Frae corrie and fell—
What a thrill to their slogan,
These Ladies of Hell.

As they charged at Culloden
Like fire o'er the brate,
Their brothers are charging
In Flanders today.
And one lesson in manners
The boche has learned well:
It's make way for the ladies—
The Ladies of Hell!

—C. B. Q. in New York Sun.

There are Nephews;
They are the lowest form of animal
life.

They are forever saying bright things
And there is no known force that can
keep them

From reciting little pieces about Our
Flag.

They have the real Keystone sense of
humor—

They are always firing things off in
your ear,

Or pulling away the chair you are
about to sit on.

Whenever you are striving to impress
any one,

They always appear
And try out the new words they learn-
ed from the ice-man—

I wish the government would draft all
males under ten!

And then there are Husbands;
The White Woman's Burden.

They never notice when you wear any-
thing new—

You have to point it out.
They tell you about the deal they put
through,

Or the approach they made,
And you are supposed to get all
worked up.

They are always hanging around out-
side your door,

And they are incessantly pulling out
watches,

And saying, "Aren't you dressed yet?"
They were never known to be wrong;
Everything is always your fault.

And whenever you go out to have a
good time,

You always meet them—
I wish to Heaven somebody would
alienate their affections.

I hate Relatives,
They cramp my style.

THESE I PITY

I DO not pity these boys, young
and brave,

Who, having heard the clear, authen-
tic call,

Offer their unspent years, their lives
and all,

Man's last great hope, democracy to
save.

I know that war may stretch them
on its road,

Their eyes still radiant with charm
of youth;

Even so they triumph. Dying for the
truth

They live to serve in richer ampli-
tude.

But these I pity, who midst agony
Of strife that now convulses half
our earth,

Debate and bargain over cost and
toll,

And seek as end their own security.

These I pity, who in high honor's
dearth

To save themselves make forfeiture
of soul.

—Clyde McGee.

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